SIERRA MADRE NEWS

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There is that birthday coming along in a few days and you haven't the gift—in fact youcan't quite make up your mind what will be acceptable. It is a hard problem, but a visit to my "GIFT COUNTER" will help you solve it.

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OCTOBER DESIGNERS ARE HERE

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.
Standard Patterns — *Warner Corsets*

THEY HOLD UP SIERRA MADRE BOY

"Billie" Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, had a rahter exciting experience recently in South Dakota, which he recites in a letter to his father, as follows:

"South Dakota is full of I. W. W.'s and roughnecks at present and it is no unusual thing to hear of a hold-up. Sixteen of these fellows held up sixty harvest hands, lining them up at the point of six-shooters and extracting from them all money, valuables and whatever they took a fancy to. Three of them got me the other night. My train had stopped in the railroad yards to change engine and caboose. I laid my grip down and walked around on the other side of the train in the dark, where I found an empty box and sat down with my head in my hands, feeling rather tired from the trip. While sitting there I heard footsteps, but paid no attention, thinking it was some of the trainmen looking over the train. Finally the footsteps drew near and a voice said, 'Get up.' I still thought it was the trainmen, arose with a smile, only to look into the muzzle of a six-shooter and face three masked men who told me to put up my hands. They took everything I had—$30.00 in currency, a government certificate for $16.80, that nice silver wrist watch you sent me while in the service, Mother's picture which you had put in that small frame and pocket-book, fountain pen and even my smoked glasses and keys. I asked them for the keys and glasses, which I told them would be of no use to them. After murmuring among themselves they returned these. Then I told them I hoped they had not taken my grip. They denied seeing anything of it. When I went to the place where I had left it, it was gone. I had only my keys and glasses when I got to Chicago, not even a tooth-brush. I reached a friend by 'phone, soon got staked again. Had to buy a complete new outfit, as I was traveling with a cattle outfit and not wearing clothes fit for church or home life. This was not all. I wandered into a barber's shop in Chicago and got trimmed, on the dome and in the pocket. He gave me a fancy shampoo I hadn't asked and shampooed my pocket-book. I'd hate to tell you what the check called for. I hated this holdup worse than the other. I got stung and paid. I sure am glad you were not there. I can picture the roar you'd let loose. You might have got by and wrecked the shop, but it would be the hospital for you. They were surely a bunch of roughnecks and I got in the wrong pew. Do not worry, it's over now. Billie."

Young Wright is in the cattle business, which he is learning in all its branches; herding, rounding up, shipping, selling and raising. He was formerly in New Mexico, but recently went to Montana, where he travels throughout the ranges and to eastern markets and shipping points.

VACATION FOR MANAGER OF CITRUS ASSOCIATION

At his urgent request, the directors of the Sierra Madre-Lamanda Citrus Association have voted to give Manager M. Morgan an extended leave of absence commencing October first. Mr. Morgan has been with the association for ten years and his tireless efforts have had much to do with the success of the association. He feels the need of a long rest from the exacting duties of his position. He is planning to take things as easy as possible for a time and will remain here and look after his ranch. In the meantime the active management will be assumed by F. L. Durham, who has been assistant manager for the past three years, and is well qualified for the duties that will devolve upon him.

LAMANDA PARK REFUSES TO ANNEX NOW

A week ago yesterday by a vote of 98 to 78 the Lamanda Park district known as the East Side Addition, refused to be annexed to the Crown City, a majority of the votes, to retain their independence. The friends of annexation, however, declare they will force the issue by subsequent elections as often as the law will allow.

SCHOOL COMMENCED MONDAY

The Sierra Madre Grammar School opened for the fall term Monday with an enrollment of 270.

IN POULTRY BUSINESS

J. Unmack has moved from Tuyunda to this place to engage in the poultry business and is now located at 610 W. Highland Ave. where there is plenty of room for his yards.

Sierra Madre is an admirable location for this business as the decomposed granite soil prevents any accumulation of water on the surface; therefore, even in the rainy season, there is no mud, so objectionable to chicken raising, and the mild winter season is also a great advantage.

DEAN SHAW ATTENDS CONVENTION AT DETROIT

Rev. William Carson Shaw left last week for Detroit to attend the Tri-annual Bishops' Convention of the Episcopal Church which convenes October 6th. During his absence, the Rev. Ellis Bishop of Pasadena will conduct the eleven o'clock service for the remaining Sundays in September, and Dr. George H. Cornell, former rector of the parish, will occupy the pulpit for the first two Sundays in October.

There will be but the one service at eleven o'clock on Sundays during Rev. Shaw's stay in the East, with Sunday School to be held as usual at 9:45 a.m.

NEW CITY EDITOR

As stated last week we are going to give our readers a better paper than ever and the means employed to effect this improvement is the new City Editor—Mrs. William R. Lees.

Mrs. Lees will have charge of the local and society news, and we ask the continual co-operation of our readers in handing in or telephoning news items.

We are frequently told, "Yes, I have some friends visiting me, but I don't want it in the paper." Now, don't you think that view is just a little selfish? You want to read about the news of your neighbors, and they want to read about yours, and the News wants to publish it all so that you both may be pleased and satisfied.

Won't you all help just a little in making the News a real community newspaper and bring, send or phone in news items before Thursday if possible.

Want to buy something? Try a wantad and you'll be surprised at the result.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS ENDORSED

At the meeting of the Southern California Editorial Association in Los Angeles, Monday, the entire membership present voted in favor of the League of Nations, with the exception of three members.

And this seems to be the proportion in which the general public views this great and vital question in which the objectors simply object without offering a better solution.

The News has been asked to poll Sierra Madre with a straw vote, but we do not believe this is necessary in order to obtain an analysis of public opinion at this place as the street talk, store talk, neighborhood and home talk all indicate that our people after reading, studying and discussing this question have decided that the League of Nations is the best possible solution of the international problems and of obtaining future peace.

BASEBALL MONEY TO BENEVOLENT FUND

At a meeting of the Sierra Madre Baseball Club last Friday it was voted to turn the money remaining in the treasury over to City Nurse Brewington for the benevolent fund and two hours later the treasurer handed $4.00 to Miss Brewington, who expressed regret that so few games were played last season. However she wishes through the News, to express her thanks to the Ball Club with the assurance that the money will be placed where it will do the most good.

FERN LODGE SOLD

Earl D. Topping has sold the popular mountain resort, Fern Lodge, to R. B. Hosford, who, together with his wife will personally manage it in the future.

Mr. Topping, who purchased Fern Lodge less than a year ago, has advertised it extensively and built up one of the best resort businesses in the mountains. He has spared no expense that would better camp conditions or add to the convenience or comfort of his guests. He has been ably assisted by the efficient active manager, Geo. H. Peterson, and his capable and popular wife, and while the patrons will regret to lose them they may rest assured that Mr. and Mrs. Hosford will do all in their power to make things even more pleasant and comfortable in the future.

Mr. Topping, among other features, had established an information bureau at this end of the trail under the management of Benjamin Gettleman, which has been a great convenience to all, as the information given out was not confined to Fern Lodge, but included all other camps as well, and that Mr. Gettleman proved the right man in the right place is shown by the fact that most of the patrons did not know his last name but affectionately called him "Ben."

We are given to understand that Mr. and Mrs. Hosford will not only keep the service of Fern Lodge up to the high standard in which they find it but strive to add attractive features and merit an increased patronage. They come here from Pasadena and will occupy the Chantry home. Their two sons will attend high school at Pasadena.

GIVES FAREWELL PARTY

As a farewell to Mr. Howell Smith of Pasadena, who leaves soon to enter Stanford University, a charming dancing party was given at the Krafft residence by Miss Gladys Krafft and Mr. Smith.

The dancing took place on a platform under the large oak trees, and a jazz orchestra from Pasadena furnished the music.

Bright colored Japanese lanterns were effectively used among the trees and paths leading to the trees. About sixty-five guests were present, among those well known in Sierra Madre were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jameson and daughter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Hawxhurst, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. Woodson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Nuetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and son Arthur Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Constant and daughter Claribel of Hollywood, Mesdames C. W. Brunson, Julia Shannon and Eckman, Messrs. Wade Brunson, Groff Brown, Victor Hill, Gregory Chase, Byron Butler and Miss Helen Williams.

REMNANT SALE OF LINOLEUM

We have twenty-five broken rolls of linoleum that we will close out at prices below the whole-sale cost. Make your selection now and get first choice. While they last they will go at the following prices.

Linoleum,	Regular price, sq. yd.	$1.35	Sale price $ .85
Congoleum	Regular price, sq. yd.	1.00	Sale price.... .60
Cork Linoleum	Regular price, sq. yd.	2.50	Sale price 1.50

Fix up that kitchen or bath room now. These prices are cheaper than before the war.

Bergien Bros.
Phone Main 136 — 87 West Central

FOREST FIRES

The forrest fires that are raging in the foothills on either side of Sierra Madre are causing much concern over the city's water-sheds which lie back of Sierra Madre Canyon. At present there is no apparent danger, but precautions are being taken to protect this important area. Over one hundred men from this place have been registered for enlistment in fighting any outbreak of fire in this section. Fire Marshal Udell and Fire Warden Tom Henderson are overseeing the patroling of the foothill section of the city, night and day.

Beyond covering lawns, porches and roofs with a coating of white, flaky embers, enshrouding the city in a heavy pall of smoke and raising the temperature several degrees there has been no need for alarm..

The report in a recent Los Angeles paper that the Mt. Wilson Observatory was threatened was without foundation.

LAW WILL BE ENFORCED

Ulrich Bartesser, employed as messenger boy in Monrovia, was fined $10.00 Monday by Recorder Forman, for violation of the State law regarding the driving of motorcycles with open mufflers.

Bartesser, who was arrested by Marshal Udell on Sunday, was driving through the city recklessly and with muffler wide open. It is claimed he has been arrested in Monrovia for this offense, but being the sole support of a widowed mother and it being his first offense here a lenient fine was imposed.

State officials have requested all local authorities to have this law rigorously enforced. Marshal Udell says he has no alternative, but to comply in all cases of violation of this order.

THE HOUSEWIFE SAVES; HER HUSBAND STUNG

A Sierra Madre housewife visiting Monrovia attended a "Sale" and bought a dress pattern at a special price saving 16c on the regular price asked at Sadler's—fine, but the next day the husband left his business to drive to Monrovia to get half a yard more of the goods before Mrs. Housewife could finish the dress. After listening to Mr. Husband's few but forceful remarks, Mrs. Housewife decided it paid to trade at home.

ONE ON ARCADIA

Lamanda Park Herald:

Sierra Madre folks are displeased with the condition of Baldwin avenue, the main thoroughfare leading there from Arcadia. Anyone who has ridden over said "avenue" will understand why the Sierra Madreans are sore—and where.

CONTRACTOR MOVES HERE

Mr. Anderson, who is the contractor in charge of construction of the Huntington Library at San Marino, has moved his family to this place. They are located at 195 Santa Anita Court.

PROSPERITY HITS SAN PEDRO

O. B. Sadler, a business man of San Pedro, visited the family of his brother, J. F. Sadler, the first of the week. Mr. Sadler is enthusiastic regarding the future greatness of San Pedro, and says the shipping interests are bound to make it a great city; that building operations are now progressing at a great rate and real estate is changing hands too fast for enumeration.

HE GRABS TIME BY THE FORELOCK

Woodson Jones has received his stock of Christmas goods and assures us that next Christmas he will have the largest and best stock ever shown here.

FIRE NOTICE

From this date, until the rainy season, no fires will be permitted out of doors for any purpose, without a fire permit, and then only during the hours fixed by law.

A. M. UDELL, Fire Marshal.

STAG DINNER.

On Monday evening Frank Wright entertained with a stag dinner. Guests included Ray Crall, Phil Bortells, Clarence MacDoudall, Fred Dillon and Dick Howey of Monrovia. Laurence Lester and Wayne Rodgers of Pasadena; Ivan Buie, Moman Baber, Hall Perry, Ralph and Harold Stover of Sierra Madre.

WOMAN'S CLUB DANCE.

On Friday evening the Sierra Madre Woman's Club will give another of their popular dances. It is expected there will be a large attendance. The usual jazz orchestra will furnish the music, and refreshments will be served during the evening.

ENTERTAINED.

Miss Bae Farman entertained on Saturday evening with an informal party. Dancing and games were enjoyed during the evening and later dainty refreshments were served. About eighteen guests were present. Out of town guests were Miss Grace Carson of Glendale and Victor Simack of Pasadena.

ATTENDED WEDDING.

On Monday evening Mrs. E. T. Pierce, Mrs. Vora P. Maull and daughter Katherine Maull attended the wedding of Mr. Carl Wheat, son of Mr. Irving W. Wheat, to Miss Helen Milspau, daughter of Dr. Jesse Milspau, former president of the Los Angeles State Normal School. Mr. Wheat is a former resident of Sierra Madre and a nephew of Mrs. Pierce.

BORROWING

My neighbors, and my neighbors' wives, have borrowed all my spoons and knives; they borrowed chairs and camping stools, as well as all my garden tools. But I don't mind a thing like that, I'll even lend them my new hat; my flivver and my youngster's sled, I'm willing to lend my spare bed. Easy on borrowers are we, good neighbors we attempt to be; borrow our mustard, flour or salt, we, as good neighbors, won't cry halt, Our hammock's there if you would nap, we'll lend our patent gopher trap; our clothespins for your weekly wash—a cleaver if you would make hash. But one thing do not borrow, please, for it in vain you'll coax and tease; none of our household you can bribe—to get that you have to subscribe. My B.V.D.'s I'll lend to you, my wife's new dress of navy blue; but we are fed up with the caper—of borrowing the local paper. F. H.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"EVERYTHING IS SO—SO UNSETTLED."

Synopsis.—Major Amberson has made a fortune in 1873 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amberson laid out a 200-acre "development," with roads and statuary, and in the center of a four-acre tract, on Amberson avenue, built for himself the most magnificent mansion Midland City had ever seen. When the major's daughter married young Wilbur Minafer the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There is only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, and his upbringing and his youthful accomplishments as a mischief maker are quite in keeping with the most pessimistic predictions. By the time George goes away to college he does not attempt to conceal his belief that the Ambersons are about the most important family in the world. At a ball given in his honor when he returns from college, George monopolizes Lucy Morgan, a stranger and the prettiest girl present, and gets on famously with her until he learns that a "queer looking duck" at whom he had been poking much fun, is the young lady's father. He is Eugene Morgan, a former resident of Bigburg, and he is returning to erect a factory and to build horseless carriages of his own invention. Eugene had been an old admirer of Isabel and they had been engaged when Isabel threw him over because of a youthful indiscretion and married Wilbur Minafer. George makes rapid progress in his courtship of Lucy. A cotillion helps their acquantance along famously. Their "friendship" continues during his absences at college George and Lucy become "almost engaged." There is a family quarrel over a division of property which reveals that both George's Aunt Fanny and George's mother are more or less interested in Eugene Morgan. George's father dies. George is graduated. He and Lucy remain "almost engaged."

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—8—

When they went down to the dining room, he pronounced acceptable the salmon salad, cold beef, cheese and cake which Fanny made ready for them without disturbing the servants. The journey had fatigued Isabel, she ate nothing, but sat to observe with tired pleasure the manifestations of her son's appetite, meanwhile giving her sister-in-law a brief summary of the events of commencement. But presently she kissed them both good-night and left aunt and nephew alone together.

"It never was becoming to her to look pale," Fanny said absently, a few moments after Isabel's departure. "I suppose your mother's been being pretty gay? Going a lot?"

"How could she?" George asked cheerfully. "In mourning, of course all she could do was just sit around and look on. That's all Lucy could do either, for the matter of that."

"I suppose so," his aunt assented. "How did Lucy get home? Did you drive out to their house with her before you came here?"

"No. She drove home with her father, of course."

"Oh, I see. So Eugene came to the station to meet you."

"To meet us?" George echoed, renewing his attack upon the salmon salad. "How could he?"

"I don't know what you mean," Fanny said drearily, in the desolate voice that had become her habit. "I haven't seen him while your mother's been away."

"Naturally," said George. "He's been East himself."

At this Fanny's drooping eyelids opened wide.

"Did you see him?"

"Well, naturally, since he made the trip home with us."

Fanny's eyelids drooped, and she sat silent until George pushed back his chair and lit a cigarette, declaring his satisfaction with what she had provided. "You're a fine housekeeper," [illegible] said benevolently. "I don't believe [illegible]d stay single very long if some of [illegible]chelors and widowers around [illegible]ld just once see—"

[illegible] not hear him. "It's a little [illegible] said.

"[illegible]'s odd?"

"[illegible] mother's not mentioning that [illegible]organ had been with you."

"Didn't think of it, I suppose," said George carelessly; and, his benevolent mood increasing, he conceived the idea that a little harmless rallying might serve to elevate his aunt's drooping spirits. "I'll tell you something, in confidence," he said solemnly.

She looked up, startled. "What?"

"Well, it struck me that Mr. Morgan was looking pretty absent-minded, most of the time; and he certainly is dressing better than he used to. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if all the young fellow had been waiting for was to know he had an assured income before he proposed."

"What 'young fellow?' "

"This young fellow Morgan," laughed George. "Honestly, Aunt Fanny, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to have him request an interview with me any day, and declare that his intentions are honorable, and ask my permission to pay his addresses to you. What had I better tell him?"

Fanny burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" George cried. "I was only teasing. I didn't mean—"

"Let me alone," she said lifelessly; and, continuing to weep, rose and began to clear away the china and silver.

George was distressed. "I didn't mean anything, Aunt Fanny! I didn't know you'd got so sensitive as all that."

"You'd better go up to bed," she said desolately, going on with her work and her weeping.

He obeyed, and could still hear a pathetic sniffing from the dining room as he went up the stairs.

"By George!" he grunted, as he reached his own room; and his thought was that living with a person so sensitive to kindly raillery might prove lugubrious. He went to the window and looked through the darkness to the great silhouette of his grandfather's house. Lights were burning over there, upstairs; probably his newly arrived uncle was engaged in talk with the Major.

George's glance lowered, resting casually upon the indistinct ground, and he beheld some vague shapes, unfamiliar to him. Formless heaps, they seemed; but, without much curiosity, he supposed that sewer connections or water pipes might be out of order, making necessary some excavations. Not greatly disturbed, he pulled down the shade, yawned, and began to undress, leaving further investigation for the morning.

But in the morning he had forgotten all about it, and raised his shade, to let in the light, without even glancing toward the ground. Not until he had finished dressing did he look forth from his window, and then his glance was casual. The next instant his attitude became electric, and he ran from his room, plunged down the stairs, out of the front door, and, upon a nearer view of the destroyed lawn, began to release profanity upon the breezeless summer air, which remained unaffected. Between his mother's house and his grandfather's, excavations for the cellars of five new houses were in process, each within a few feet of its neighbor.

It was Sunday, and so the workmen implicated in these defacings were denied what unquestionably they would have considered a treat; but as the fanatic orator continued the monologue, a gentleman in flannels emerged upward from one of the excavations, and regarded him contemplatively.

"Obtaining any relief, nephew?" he inquired with some interest. "You must have learned quite a number of those expressions in childhood—it's so long since I'd heard them I fancied they were obsolete."

"Who wouldn't swear?" George demanded hotly. "What does grandfather mean, doing such things?"

"My private opinion is," said Amberson gravely, "he desires to increase

"Who Wouldn't Swear?" George Demanded Hotly.

his income by building these houses to rent."

"Well, in the name of heaven, can't he increase his income any other way but this?"

"In the name of heaven, it would appear he couldn't,"

"It's beastly! It's a damn degradation! It's a crime!"

"I don't know about its being a crime," said his uncle, stepping over some planks to join him. "It might be a mistake, though. Your mother said not to tell you until we got home, so as not to spoil commencement for you. She rather feared you'd be upset."

"Upset! Oh, my Lord, I should think I would be upset! He's in his second childhood."

"Well, I thought, myself, it was a mistake. I wanted him to put up an apartment building instead of these houses."

"An apartment building! Here?"

"Yes; that was my idea."

George struck his hands together despairingly. "An apartment house! Oh, my Lord!"

"Don't worry! Your grandfather wouldn't listen to me, but he'll wish he had, some day. He sticks it out that apartment houses will never do in a town of this type, and when I pointed out to him that a dozen or so of 'em already are doing, he claimed it was just the novelty, and that they'd all be empty as soon as people got used to 'em. So he's putting up these houses."

"Is he getting miserly in his old age?"

"Hardly! Look what he gave Sydney and Amelia!"

"I don't mean he's a miser, of course," said George. "But why on earth didn't he sell something or other rather than do a thing like this?"

"As a matter of fact," Amberson returned coolly, "I believe he has sold something or other, from time to time."

"I suppose you're joking—or trying to!"

"That's the best way to look at it," Amberson said amiably. "Take the whole thing as a joke—and in the meantime, if you haven't had your breakfast—"

"I haven't!"

"Then if I were you I'd go in and get some. And"—paused, becoming serious— "and if I were you I wouldn't say anything to your grandfather about this."

"I don't think I could trust myself to speak to him about it," said George. "I want to treat him respectfully, because he is my grandfather, but I don't believe I could if I talked to him about such a thing as this!"

And with a gesture of despair, plainly signifying that all too soon after leaving bright college years behind him he had entered into the full tragedy of life, George turned bitterly upon his heel and went into the house for his breakfast.

His uncle, with his head whimsically upon one side, gazed after him not altogether unsympathetically. Being a philosopher he was not surprised, that afternoon, in the course of a drive he took in the old carriage with the Major, when George was encountered upon the highway flashing along in his runabout with Lucy beside him and Pendennis doing better than three minutes.

"He seems to have recovered," Amberson remarked.

"I beg your pardon."

"Your grandson," Amberson explained. "He was inclined to melancholy this morning, but seemed jolly enough just now when they passed us."

"What was he melancholy about? Not getting remorseful about all the money he's spent at college, was he?" The Major chuckled feebly, but with sufficient grimness. "I wonder what he thinks I'm made of," he concluded querulously.

"Gold," his son suggested, adding gently, "and he's right about part of you, father."

"What part?"

"Your heart."

The Major laughed ruefully. "I suppose that may account for how heavy it feels, sometimes, nowadays. This town seems to be rolling right over that old heart you mentioned, George—rolling over it and burying it under! When I think of those devilish workmen digging up my lawn, yelling around my house—"

"Never mind, father. Don't think of it. When things are a nuisance it's a good idea not to keep remembering 'em."

"I try not to," the old gentleman murmured. "I try to keep remembering that I won't be remembering anything very long." And, somehow convinced that this thought was a mirthful one, he laughed loudly and slapped his knee. "Not so very long now, my boy!" he chuckled, continuing to echo his own amusement. "Not so very long. Not so very long!"

CHAPTER XII.

Young George paid his respects to his grandfather the following morning, having been occupied with various affairs and engagements on Sunday until after the Major's bedtime; and topics concerned with building or excavations were not introduced into the conversation, which was a cheerful one until George lightly mentioned some new plans of his. He spoke of his desire to extend his proficiency in driving: in fact, he entertained the ambition to drive a four-in-hand. However, as the Major said nothing, and merely sat still, looking surprised, George went on to say that he did not propose to "go in for coaching just at the start;" he thought it would be better to begin with a tandem. He was sure Pendennis could be trained to work as a leader; and all that one needed to buy at present, he said, would be "comparatively inexpensive—a new trap, and the harness, of course, and a good bay to match Pendennis." He did not care for a special groom; one of the stablemen would do.

At this point the Major decided to speak. "You say one of the stablemen would do?" he inquired, his widened eyes remaining fixed upon his grandson. "That's lucky, because one's all there is just at present, George. Old fat Tom does it all."

"Oh, that will be all right, sir. My mother can lend me her man."

"Can she?" The old gentleman smiled faintly. "I wonder—" He paused.

"What, sir?"

"Whether you mightn't care to go to law school somewhere perhaps. I'd be glad to set aside a sum that would see you through."

This senile divergence from the topic in hand surprised George painfully. "I have no interest whatever in the law," he said. "I don't care for it, and the idea of being a professional man has never appealed to me. I was speaking of driving a tandem—"

"I know you were," said the Major quietly.

George looked hurt. "I beg your pardon. Of course if the idea doesn't appeal to you—" And he rose to go.

The Major ran a tremulous hand through his hair, sighing deeply. "I—I don't like to refuse you anything, Georgie," he said. "I don't know that I often have refused you whatever you wanted—in reason—"

"You've always been more than generous, sir," George interrupted quickly. "And if the idea of a tandem doesn't

"The Idea of Being a Professional Man Has Never Appealed to Me."

appeal to you, why—of course—" And he waved his hand, heroically dismissing the tandem.

The Major's distress became obvious. "Georgie, I'd like to, but—but I've an idea tandems are dangerous to drive, and your mother might be anxious. She—"

"No, sir; I think not. She felt it would be rather a good thing—help to keep me out in the open air. But if perhaps your finances—"

"Oh, it isn't that so much," the old gentleman laughed uncomfortably. "I guess we could still afford a new horse or two, if need be—"

"I thought you said—"

The Major waved his hand airily. "Oh, a few retrenchments where things were useless. And if you want this thing so very much—"

"It's not important enough to bother about, really, of course."

"Well, let's wait till autumn, then," said the Major in a tone of relief. "We'll see about it in the autumn, if you're still in the mind for it then. You remind me of it, along in September—or October. We'll see what can be done." He rubbed his hands cheerfully. "We'll see what can be done about it then, Georgie. We'll see."

And George, in reporting this conversation to his mother, was ruefully humorous. "In fact, the old boy cheered up so much," he told her, "you'd have thought he'd got a real load off his mind. Of course I know he's anything but miserly; still I can't help thinking he must be salting a lot of money away. I know prices are higher than they used to be, but he doesn't spend within thousands of what he used to, and we certainly can't be spending more than we always have spent. Where does it all go to? Uncle George told me grandfather had sold some pieces of property, and it looks a little queer. I have a faint suspicion, not that he's getting miserly—not that at all—but that old age has begun to make him timid about money. There's no doubt about it, he's getting a little queer: he can't keep his mind on a subject long. Right in the middle of talking about one thing he'll wander off to something else; and I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a lot better off than any of us guess."

Isabel had a bright idea. "Georgie! Instead of a tandem wouldn't it interest you to get one of Eugene's automobiles?"

"I don't think so. They're fast enough, of course. In fact, running one of those things is getting to be quite on the cards for sport, and people go all over the country in 'em. But they're dirty things, and they keep getting out of order, so that you're always lying down on your back in the mud and—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted eagerly. "Haven't you noticed? The way they make them now you can get at most of the machinery from the top. I do think you'd be interested, dear."

George remained indifferent. "Possibly—but I hardly think so. I know a lot of good people are really taking them up, but still—"

"'But still' what?" she said as he paused.

"But still—well, I suppose I'm a little old-fashioned and fastidious, but I'm afraid being a sort of engine driver never will appeal to me, mother. It's exciting, and I'd like that part of it, but still it doesn't seem to me precisely the thing a gentleman ought to do. Too much overalls and monkey wrenches and grease! No; I believe I'd rather wait for September and a tandem, mother."

Nevertheless George sometimes consented to sit in an automobile, while waiting for September, and he frequently went driving in one of Eugene's cars with Lucy and her father. He even allowed himself to be escorted with his mother and Fanny through the growing factory, which was now, as the foreman of the paint shop informed the visitors, "turning out a car and a quarter a day."

From the factory Eugene took them to lunch at a new restaurant, just opened in the town, a place which surprised Isabel with its metropolitan air, and, though George made fun of her, in a whisper, she offered everything the tribute of pleased exclamations; and her gayety helped Eugene's to make the little occasion almost a festive one.

George's ennui disappeared in spite of himself, and he laughed to see his mother in such spirits. "I didn't know mineral waters could go to a person's head," he said. "Or perhaps it's this place. It might pay to have a new restaurant opened somewhere in town every time you get the blues."

"No," Isabel said, "what makes me laugh so much at nothing is Eugene's factory. Wouldn't anybody be delighted to see an old friend take an idea out of the air like that—an idea that most people laughed at him for—wouldn't any old friend of his be happy to see how he'd made his idea into such a splendid, humming thing as that factory—all shiny steel, clicking, buzzing away, and with all those workmen, such muscled-looking men and yet so intelligent looking? It's beautiful to see such a thing," she said. "It makes us all happy, dear old Eugene!"

And with a brave gesture she stretched out her hand to him across the small table. He took it quickly, giving her a look in which his laughter tried to remain but vanished before a gratitude threatening to become emotional in spite of him. Isabel, however, turned instantly to Fanny. "Give him your hand, Fanny," she said gayly; and as Fanny mechanically obeyed, "There!" Isabel cried. "If brother George were here, Eugene would have his three oldest and best friends congratulating him all at once. We know what brother George thinks about it, though. It's just beautiful, Eugene!"

Lucy leaned toward George and whispered, "Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"As what?" George inquired, not because he misunderstood but because he wished to prolong the pleasant neighborliness of whispering.

"As your mother! Think of her doing that! She's a darling! And papa"—here she imperfectly repressed a tendency to laugh—"papa looks as if he were either going to explode or utter loud sobs!"

Eugene commanded his features, however, and they resumed their customary apprehensiveness. "I used to write verses," he said—"if you remember—"

"Yes," Isabel interrupted gently. "I remember."

"I don't recall that I've written any for twenty years or so," he continued. "But I'm almost thinking I could do it again, to thank you for making a factory visit into such a kind celebration."

"Gracious!" Lucy whispered, giggling. "Aren't they sentimental!"

"People that age always are," George returned. "They get sentimental over anything at all. Factories or restaurants, it doesn't matter what!"

And both of them were seized with fits of laughter which they managed to cover under the general movement of departure, as Isabel had risen to go.

Outside upon the crowded street George helped Lucy into his runabout and drove off, waving triumphantly and laughing at Eugene, who was struggling with the engine of his car, in the tonneau of which Isabel and Fanny had established themselves. "Looks like a hand-organ man grinding away for pennies," said George, as the runabout turned the corner into National avenue. "I'll still take a horse, any day."

He was not so cocksure half an hour later, on an open road, when a siren whistle wailed behind him, and before the sound had died away Eugene's car, coming from behind with what seemed fairly like one long leap, went by the runabout and dwindled almost instantaneously in perspective, with a lace handkerchief in a black-gloved hand fluttering sweet derision as it was swept onward into minuteness—a mere white speck—and then out of sight.

George was undoubtedly impressed—"Your father does know how to drive some," the dashing exhibition forced him to admit. "Of course Pendennis isn't as young as he was, and I don't care to push him too hard. Well, I enjoyed part of that lunch today quite a lot, Lucy."

"The salad?"

"No. Your whispering to me."

George checked Pendennis to a walk. Whereupon Lucy protested quickly: "Oh, don't!"

"Why?"

"I know when you make him walk it's so you can give all your attention to—to proposing to me again!"

And as she turned a face of exaggerated color to him, "By the Lord, but you're a little witch!" George cried.

"George, do let Pendennis trot again!"

"I won't!"

She clucked to the horse. "Get up, Pendennis! Trot! Go on! Commence!"

Pendennis paid no attention; she meant nothing to him, and George laughed at her fondly. "You are the prettiest thing in this world, Lucy!" he exclaimed. "Are you going to drop the 'almost' and say we're really engaged?"

"Oh, not for years! So there's the answer, and let's trot again."

But George was persistent; moreover, he had become serious during the last minute or two. "I want to know," he said. "I really mean it."

"Let's don't be serious, George," she begged him hopefully. "Let's talk of something pleasant."

He was a little offended. "Then it isn't pleasant for you to know that I want to marry you?"

At this she became as serious as he could have asked; she looked down, and her lip quivered like that of a child about to cry. Suddenly she put her hand upon one of his for just an instant, and then withdrew it.

"Lucy!" he said huskily. "Dear, what's the matter? You look as if you were going to cry."

Her eyelids flickered, and then she looked up at him with a sad gravity, tears seeming just at the poise. "One reason's because I have a feeling that it's never going to be."

"Why?"

"It's just a feeling."

"You haven't any reason or—"

"It's just a feeling."

"Well, if that's all," George said, reassured, and laughing confidently, "I guess I won't be very much troubled!" But at once he became serious again, adopting the tone of argument. "Don't you care enough about me to marry me?"

She looked down again, pathetically troubled. "Yes."

"Well, then, why in the world won't you drop the 'almost?' "

Her distress increased. "Everything is—everything—"

"What about 'everything?' "

"Everything is so—so un[illegible]

And at that he uttered an [illegible]tion of impatience. "If you are[illegible] the queerest girl! What is 'unsettled?' "

"Well, for one thing," she said, able to smile at his vehemence, "you haven't settled on anything to do. At least if you have you've never spoken of it."

As she spoke she gave him the quickest possible side glance of hopeful scrutiny; then looked away, not happily. Surprise and displeasure were intentionally visible upon the countenance of her companion; and he permitted a significant period of silence to elapse before making any response. "Lucy," he said finally, with cold dignity, "haven't you perfectly well understood that I don't mean to go into business or adopt a profession?"

"I wasn't quite sure," she said gently. "I really didn't know—quite."

"Then of course it's time I did tell you. You know yourself there are a lot of people in the East—in the South too, for that matter—that don't think we've got any particular family or position or culture in this part of the country. There were one or two in my crowd at college; their families

"I Have a Feeling That It's Never Going to Be."

had lived on their income for three generations, and they never dreamed there was anybody in their class out here. I had to show them a thing or two, right at the start, and I guess they won't forget it! Well, I think it's time all their sort found out that three generations can mean just as much out here as anywhere else."

"But what are you going to do, George?" she cried.

George's earnestness surpassed hers; he had become flushed and his breathing was emotional. "I expect to live an honorable life," he said. "I expect to contribute my share to charities, and to take part in—in movements."

George gets excited and acts as might be expected of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Woman's Department

¶ This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then;

And mebby while you're wonderin' who
You'll fool-like lent your umbrell' to.
And want it—out 'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none!
—Riley.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

A sponge cake is easy to prepare and most usually well liked, is especially good for the little people and may be varied by various icings or fillings.

Two Egg Sponge Cake.—Separate the white and yolks of two eggs, beat the yolks until thick. Add to them half a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Take a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and [illegible]ful of flour sifted together. [illegible] whites, add a half cupful of [illegible]ar to them, then put the two egg mixtures together and fold in the flour, very lightly, then add half a cupful of water and sprinkle sugar over the top of the cake. Bake in an ungreased tin thirty minutes.

Sponge Drops.—Beat five eggs very light, then add one cupful of sugar and beat again. Add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and fold in one cupful of sifted flour. Drop in gem pans and bake rather quickly.

Potato Cake.—Take one cupful of shortening, two cupfuls of sugar, half cupful of milk, one cupful of [illegible]tato, one cupful of chopped nu[illegible], one-half cupful of sweet chocolate, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powd[illegible] and one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Best when a few weeks old.

Chili Stew.—Take one and one-half pounds of steak put through the meat grinder. Heat one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of olive oil. Add six tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, four cloves of garlic; fry until a light brown. While frying add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce and three teaspoonfuls of chili powder, stirring well. Pour into the pan enough water to cover the bottom and then add the meat, almost covering with water. Cook for fifteen minutes slowly, then add three cupfuls of canned tomato and [illegible] teaspoonfuls of salt. Blend one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour with a little tomato juice and add to the stew. Put into a casserole and bake in the oven for an hour. Serve with rice or boiled noodles.

But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty?

WHEN FRIENDS "DROP IN."

A nice little dainty to serve with a plain lettuce salad is:

Cheese Biscuits.—To a baking powder mixture add one-half cupful of grated cheese. Roll out to one-third inch in thickness, shape with a small cutter dipped in flour and bake in a hot oven twelve minutes. If the cheese is ready these biscuits will be ready to serve in seventeen minutes, taking five minutes for mixing. It is a wise plan to have a bottle of grated cheese always ready to add to a white sauce for toast, to creamed potatoes, to omelets and various other dishes.

Scrambled Eggs With Smoked Halibut.—Freshen a half-cupful of smoked halibut by soaking in warm water. Mix four beaten eggs with a half a cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper. Melt one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelet pan, add the egg mixture and cook. When half done add the halibut, drained from the water, and finish cooking. Turn on a platter and garnish with toast points.

Creole Chicken.—This may be prepared the day before and reheated. Cut up a well-cleaned fowl, cover with boiling water and cook five minutes, then simmer in a fireless cooker or on the back of the range for half an hour. Cook two cupfuls of canned tomatoes and half a bay leaf 15 minutes, then strain. Chop one small onion and cook in the bacon fat with minced bacon, using three slices; stir constantly until yellow; add [illegible] parsley, two red and two green peppers cut in fine strips and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Boil five minutes, return to the fireless or back of the range and cook until the fowl is tender. This makes a fine casserole dish, baking in the oven instead of in a fireless cooker. When ready to serve thicken the sauce with flour. Cook well and heat all together until very hot.

A wide-spreading hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—T. B. Aldrich.

Have enough strength to be sweet, enough sweetness to be strong and too much of both to be queer.

RECIPES YOU WILL LIKE TO KEEP.

A French preparation for soup seasoning which is considered very choice is this: Two ounces each of sweet marjoram, parsley, savory, thyme and lemon peel and one ounce of sweet basil. The herbs are dried, the peel is also dried and all ground and sifted together until well mixed. This powder, if carefully corked in a bottle will keep indefinitely. Use it sparingly.

Ever-Lasting Yeast.—Tie three yeast cakes (the dry variety) in a cheese cloth, add one quart of potato water, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and let stand twelve hours. Remove the yeast and place in a glass jar well covered but not sealed. Use one cupful of the well-stirred yeast for six loaves of bread. Once or twice a week fill the jar with potato water (about the amount of liquid removed). No more yeast is added. This will keep for years if directions are carefully followed. If not enough yeast is used to renew with potato water take out some each time the potato water is added. This is the food which feeds the yeast plants and they will keep on growing.

Chutney—This is a famous concoction well liked by our English cousins. This is the season to prepare it for winter use. Chop and cook together two hours twelve apples, skins not removed, two green peppers, one onion, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of sugar, one pint of vinegar, the juice of a lemon, one-half tablespoonful of ginger and one-half tablespoonful of salt. Put in marmalade jars or seal like jelly.

Olive Oil Pickles.—Take one hundred small cucumbers, three pints of small onions, one pint of olive oil, one ounce of celery seed, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one ounce of white pepper. Slice the unpeeled cucumbers, cover with one and two-thirds cupfuls of salt, let stand three hours. Slice the onions and let them stand in cold water three hours, then drain and mix with the oil and spices. Pack into jars and fill the jars with good vinegar. Good to eat in ten days.

God! make me worthy of Thy land
Which mine I call a little while;
This meadow where the sunset's smile
Falls like a blessing from Thy hand,
And where the river singing runs
'Neath wintry skies and summer suns.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

FOOD FOR OUR GUESTS.

A most wholesome and dainty dessert which is within the reach of all is:

Red Raspberry Lacto.—Take one quart of sour milk or buttermilk, add to it one egg white beaten stiff and a well-beaten yolk, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-fourth of a cupful of raspberry sirup. Freeze as usual, and when half frozen add the juice of a lemon. This may be made with cherries, pineapple, strawberry or orange sirup.

Fruit Coupe.—Scald a cupful of milk, add an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt, and cook in a double boiler until thick. Set aside in a cool place. When cool, freeze; just before the cream is frozen add half a cupful of chopped pineapple, half a cupful of heavy cream whipped, the white of an egg beaten stiff. At serving time, fill the coupe glasses half full of the ice cream, cover with a spoonful of raspberry sirup and a spoonful of whipped cream and garnish with maraschino cherries and pieces of pineapple. Raspberry sirup may be made from canned fruit, boiling the strained juice with sugar.

Nellie Maxwell

NEW HATS FOR AUTUMN WEAR

Information That May Lead to Prospective Buyer Making a Wise Decision.

TAM KEEPS ITS POPULARITY

Feather Trimming Is Employed on Model That Almost Every Woman Can Wear With Good Effect—Some Effective Turbans.

What can stimulate interest in fashion at this season of the year like a little glimpse at new hats? For hats are always interesting and hats are the first new thing a woman buys at the beginning of a new season.

In fact, we buy new hats regardless of seasons and wear them, too, without consideration for their fitness for a particular season; straw hats in January, velvet in July.

And there are velvet hats and others, advanced models to excite your curiosity, stimulate your interest and help you to decide your first new autumn style.

And my! what a good effect a new hat has upon the average woman, both from the material aspect of a pleasing appearance and the less tangible but nevertheless definite aspect of mental stimulus, of renewed interest in life in general, comments Edith M. Burtis in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Sometimes, as is usually the case with children, a woman treads life's path more gayly when she puts on new shoes, but more generally it is a new hat that helps over a period of mental depression, of world weariness, of disinterest, for hats don't hurt and new shoes do, more's the pity.

Let me depart from the subject in hand, new hats, just long enough to ask why do so many girls foolishly buy shoes just a little too tight?

Many Ills From Tight Shoes.

This practice does not improve the appearance of the feet; rather is the effect deteriorating and the discomfort one suffers often distorts the face, always mars the poise and the walk and prevents the absolute attention to the conversation of a companion, the giving of the entire interest to the pleasure at hand that makes folks say: "There is an attractive and likable girl," the opinion of friends and acquaintances that establishes a girl as a favorite.

There is never a season when some form of the graceful and generally becoming tam is not in vogue and this will be the case this season as in all others. There is one style especially attractive, a between-seasons tam on new lines and interestingly developed, of taffeta and soutache braid in two colors, to say nothing of an effective feature trimming that lends the last note of smart fashion to this time-established model.

One excellent quality of the tam shapes is that almost every woman can wear one, all young girls can and most women of more mature years, provided they select the right model.

Strikingly unusual is a hat of velvet with trimming of glycerin ostrich in a sort of shower effect over the upturned brim. This may seem an extreme model, not so much in shape as in this arrangement of a popular trimming. And while not every woman can wear this hat or want to, nevertheless it portrays a certain new and interesting feature of autumn millinery that you should be glad to note.

Quite the reverse from the extreme fashion standpoint, yet nevertheless smart, despite its conservative tone, is the becoming turban of rich brocade, velvet and tiny ostrich tips, artistically combined. This hat illustrates still another use of ostrich, the regulation small curled tips. Not so new a treatment of ostrich but always a pleasing and satisfactory one, especially if one takes advantage of the modern process of shower proofing that insures the beauty of the feather against all moisture whether a fog or rain.

If you are not familiar with this very commendable innovation in apparel insurance ask your milliner about it or the shop where you buy feathers for the hat you trim yourself.

Model for Autumn.

Another new autumn hat, like most of the new models, is of velvet, turned up sharply in the front and trimmed only with a rich cluster of silk flowers and foliage. It is an excellent model for first choice in the development of your autumn wardrobe, for it can be worn now—right now—and that's what most of us want to do with new things.

A costume that has been much admired is a simple, dignified dinner gown of charmeuse, with underskirt of contrasting color, simply trimmed with ribbon in two widths and colors, modeled after the beautiful lines of the early Greek costume. This is the sort of gown that is not dependent upon any whim of fashion for its acceptance. It is the kind of gown that can be worn until it is worn out, and this is a feature that appeals to many women not entirely from the standpoint of economy, but because many of us must be well acquainted with our clothes before we are quite comfortable with them. Like old acquaintances, we must feel that our clothes wear well, and not from the standpoint of actual wearing service, but from that of presenting us in the best possible light, helping us [illegible]

This New Bonnet Is as Gay and Charming as the Month of Flowers, With Tender Pink and White Buds. The Hat Is a Creation of Pink Georgette and Dancing Blue Ostrich Feathers That Curl and Cling to the Unusual Shape.

BLOUSES IN WIDE VARIETY

Wash Fabrics Figure Prominently Among Materials Employed—Pendant Decorations Highly Favored.

The shops are really alluring in their display of overblouses in fabrics and styles suitable for summer wear. It is perhaps an interesting thing that wash fabrics have been made to serve so admirably for these blouses—for there was a time when it seemed that only chiffon and georgette and soft crepe would do for them.

But now linen, organdie, batiste, ratine—lots of ratine, too, which is another of those interesting evidences of a return to favor of a fabric or style that has seemingly gone by—all these and other summer fabrics, heavy, homespun, crashlike-looking things, are used for the overblouse.

One thing that marks many of the blouses is little tassels and hanging buttons and fringe. There are all sorts of these pendant decorations, from sleeve ends and hems and just hanging down [illegible] any other part [illegible]

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Will not Government direction of the packing industry, now contemplated by Congress, take over the empty husk of physical property and equipment and sacrifice the initiative, experience and devotion of these men, which is the life itself of the industry?

What legislation, what political adroitness could replace such life and brains, once driven out?

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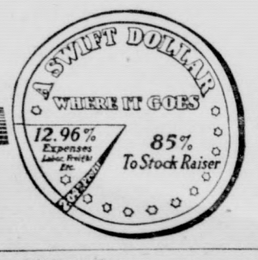

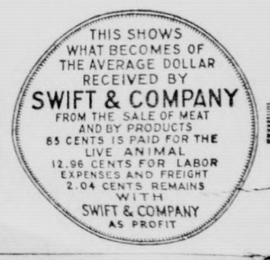

Fitting One.

"What kind of a pet has your college tutor?"

"Naturally, he has a coach dog."

Jap Merchants in Philippines.

Of the approximately 10,000 Japanese in the Philippines, 2,000 are said to be merchants.

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Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

True.

"Pa, what is the most difficult kind of hunting there is?"

"House-hunting, my boy."

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Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak and ailing, have poor digestion, bodies improperly nourished although they may eat heartily. Grave disorders are likely to follow if an acid-stomach is neglected. Cirrhosis of the liver, intestinal congestion, gastritis, catarrh of the stomach—these are only a few of the many ailments often caused by Acid-Stomach.

A sufferer from Catarrh of the stomach of 11 years' standing writes: "I had catarrh of the stomach for 11 long years and I never found anything to do me any good—just temporary relief—until I used EATONIC. It is a wonderful remedy and I do not want to be without it."

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SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher
MRS. W. R. LEES, Local Editor.

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SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRING

This week is the last of another month and several subscriptions expire on this date. If your address has a lead pencil mark around it, it is a reminder that your subscription has expired and a courteous request that you remit, so that your copy of the News may continue to visit your family. Otherwise the paper will stop.

MIND OVER MATTER

O' course, the price o' food is awful,
But, what good's it do to "fus";
No gittin' 'round o' what's called lawful,
Bad's 'tis, it might git "wuss."

Some bread an' coffee in th' mornin,'
(Bread's staff o' life y' know);
A nice, thick slice deserves no scornin',
Tho' smeared with Oleo.

Jes' use y' mind for firm suggestion,
With each scant meal y' take;
An' try to b'lieve, 'thout a question,
'S like "Mother used to make."

A. L. Soran.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector
Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Sunday school will be resumed Sunday morning at 9:45 a. m.

The young ladies of the Church of the Ascension, the Order of St. Catherine, will meet at the home of Mrs. Goodfellow, Tuesday evening, September 30. A full attendance is desired.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Guild of the Church of the Ascension will be held in the Sunday-School room of the church on Friday afternoon, October 3rd, at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 66.
SUNDAY SERVICES

9:45 —Sunday School. George B. Morgridge, Supt.

11:00—Morning worship and sermon.

Sunday morning, patriotic sermon, "God's Call to America to Assume the the Moral Leadership of the World."

Mr. Wilson was one of those who were fortunate enough to hear President Wilson last Saturday night.

Having been a close student of the peace treaty and league covenant, Rev. Wilson is preparing a special, patriotic sermon for next Sunday morning on the above subject.

The provisions of the league will be set forth and some of the objections to the plan will be held up the light of reason and Christian conscience.

The public is invited to attend and hear this timely theme.

Bethany

Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor.

Bethany welcomed the home-coming of their pastor, last Sunday. The church was filled with members and friends who earnestly listened to the gosqel set forth in its beauty. This however did not finish the welcome as a cunningly devised shower was being whispered throughout the church, while the Pastor was dining with friends, many loving hands had filled his shelves with good things for the table in the little home.

The evening was informal and most happily spent in telling stories.

At prayer meeting Wednesday evening Dr. Rawlings expressed his appreciation most heartily for the loving thoughtfulness that actuated the giving of so many good things.

Dr. Rawlings has in mind to preach a series of sermons on the second advent of the coming of Christ in the near future. Strangers and friends are most cordially welcome to attend all services.

A Member.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.
Subject, "Matter."
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Long kitchen hours become a thing of the past if you do your cooking on an Eclipse Cabinet Gas Range on sale at the Gas Office.

ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE TO MEET

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of San Gabriel Valley will meet at Arcadia October 7th at 6:30 p. m.

For satisfaction in canning berries and preserving fruit this month, use Natural Gas.

There will be no extra charge on your telephone bill for the items you may wish to send in to the News office.

The Fire of an Opal is descriptive of the fascinating effect obtained from one of the Gas Company's new winter fireplace heaters, the Radiantfire.

JUST PURE RED CLOVER

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & San, druggists. adv.

The canning and preserving months are here. Do your own preserving with the most economical and satisfactory of all fuels, Natural Gas.

The News wants all of the home news and will appreciate items that come in over the phone.

Stop at the Gas office today and see the latest appliance in a modern heater. The Radiantfire, ideal for home heating, convenient, economical and satisfactory.

NEWS WANTAD LINERS

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Hudson Automobile. C. W. JONES.

WANTED—A man to cut Eucalyptus on shares. 272 W. Grand View Avenue. 51-52*

FOR SALE—Solid oak roll-top office desk and chair. Reasonable. Phone, Green 45. 45

LOST—In a P. E. car, previous to the strike, a string of gold beads. Reward at the News office.

TO LOAN—All or part of $2,000 at 7 per cent. Andrews & Hawks. Telephone Exchange 2. 51

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

ACORN MACHINE, in good condition for sale for $50, or will trade for household goods, or what have you. Call at 148 N. Mt. Trail.

SAXOPHONE FOR SALE—New silver plated melody C. Will sell cheap. Address all inquiries to F. C. Greissinger, care of Sierra Madre News. 52-1

WANTED—Reliable girl, or woman, to help with a two year old child. Can go home nights. Hours, 8 to 6. Phone or see Mrs. J. T. Mason, 633 W. Central. 52

GOATS FOR SALE—Three-year old Toggenburg doe, grade 3-4; five quart milker, for $150, and her doe kid four months old, grade 7-8, $50; both for $175. Phone, Green 118.

IMPROVED OREGON FARM TO EXCHANGE. 152 acres near Eugene, Ore. One-half in cultivation, balance pasture and timber. Want Sierra Madre acres. Address, W. W. care News Office. 52-1

CHICKENS WANTED—Any size or any kind, at market price. G. L. Junou, 372 W. Highland. 52

FOR SALE—Choice table grapes. Also fine ones for jellie. Phone, Black 102, or call at 305 Manjanita avenue.

RANCH FOR EXCHANGE—3.67 A. Chicken Ranch; modern bungalow; on highway; good location; Riverside. Price $3800.00. Take house and lot in Sierra Madre to ½ value. Nye-Mead-McDowell Co., 50-52-c Riverside, Calif.

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Fancy 4tier Bellfleur Apples,, per box 1.95
Sweet Spuds, Large Fancy, ...per lb, 5c, per lug, 1.20

M. D. WELSHER

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